A NEW

MISCELLANY

In PROSE and VERSE.

CONTAINING,

Several PIECES never before made public.

By the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, DEAN *of St.* Patrick's,

The Hon. Mr. HOLLES *St.* JOHN,

And other Eminent Hands.

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A NEW MISCELLANY.

A LETTER *to Mrs.* PRAT, *returning Thanks for her Preſent of a* Fire-Screen, *By the Reverend Dean* SWIFT.

MADAM,

MRS. *Fitzmorice* did the unkindeſt Thing ſhe could imagine, ſhe ſends an open Note, by a Servant (for ſhe was too much a Prude to write me a Letter) deſiring, That the Dean of St. *Patrick* ſhould enquire for one *Howard*, Maſter of a Ship, who had brought over a Screen to him, the ſaid Dean, from Mrs. *Prat*; away I ran to the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, where they told me the Ship was expected every Day, but the God of Winds, in Confederacy with Mrs. *Fitzmorice*, to teaze me, kept the Ship at leaſt a Month longer, and left me miſerable in a State of Impati-

ence, between Hope and Fear, worſe than a Lady who is in Pain that her Cloaths will not be ready againſt the Birth-Day. I will not move your Good-nature by repreſenting how many reſtleſs Nights and Days I have paſſed, with what Dreams my Sleep hath been diſturbed, where I ſometimes ſaw the Ship ſinking, my Screen floating in the Sea, and the Mermaids ſtruggling which of them ſhould get it for her own Apartment. At laſt Mr. *Medlycott*, whoſe Heart inclines him to pity the Diſtreſſed, gave me Notice of its ſafe Arrival: He interpoſed his Authority, and over-ruling the tedious Forms of the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, ſent my Screen to the Deanry, where it was immediately opened, on *Tueſday*, the 16th Inſtant, three Minutes, ſeven Seconds after Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, the Day being fair, but ſomewhat windy, the Sun in *Aries*, and the Moon within Thirty-nine Hours eight Seconds and a Half of being full; all which I had, by conſulting *Ptolomy*, found to be fortunate Incidents, prognoſticating, that with due Care, my Screen will eſcape the Mops of the Houſe-Maid, and the greaſy Hands of the Footmen.

At the opening the Screen juſt after Dinner, ſome Company of both Sexes were preſent: The Ladies were full of Malice, and the Men of Envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing ſhew'd a better Judgment than to know

know how to make a proper Preſent, and that no Preſent could be more judiciouſly choſen; for no Man in this Kingdom wanted a Screen ſo much as myſelf, and beſides, ſince I had left the World, it was very kind to ſend the World to me; however, one of the Ladies affirmed, that your Gift was an open Reflection upon my Age, that ſhe had made the ſame Preſent ſome Time ago to her Grandfather, and that ſhe could not imagine how any of her Sex would ſend a Screen to a Gentleman without a Deſign to inſinuate, that he was abſolutely *un homme ſans Conſequence*. For my own Part I confeſs I never expected to be ſheltered by the World, when I have been ſo long endeavouring to ſhelter myſelf from it.

See, how ill you beſtow your Favour, where you meet with nothing but Complaints and Reproaches inſtead of Acknowledgments, for thinking, in the Midſt of Courts and Diverſions, upon an abſent and inſignificant Man buried in Obſcurity: But I know it is as hard to give Thanks as to take them, therefore I ſhall ſay no more, than that I receive your acceptable Preſent, juſt as I am ſure you deſire I ſhould. Though I cannot ſit under my own Vine, or my own Fig-Tree, yet I will ſit under my own Screen, and bleſs the Giver; but I cannot promiſe it will add one Jot to the Love and Eſteem I have for you, becauſe it is impoſſible for me to be

more than I have always been, and ſhall ever continue,

MADAM,

Your Moſt Obedient

and Obliged Servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I juſt obſerve, that the two Celeſtial Maps are placed at the Bottom, within two Inches of the Ground, which is the moſt faſhionable Circumſtance in the whole Work.

I ſometimes dine in the third Place with your Stoick Mr. *Prat*, and find he continues in Health, but of late very buſy, and a Courtier.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble Service to my Lady *Savil*.

Mr. *Fitzmorice* dines temperately at a Tavern, and ſometimes with Clergymen for want of better Company.

Mr. *Medlycott* dines with me every *Sunday*, and goes to Church like any thing.

Mrs. *Fitzmorice* is left deſolate, I reckoned but fifteen Ladies and five Gentlemen t'other Night in her Play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought ſhe will fall out with my Lady *Carteret* for drawing away her Company, but at preſent they are very great, as I find by conſulting them both.

I think

I think you are acquainted with Lady *Worſeley*, if ſo, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to *Ireland* as I expected, and was told ſhe was actually landed, whereupon, being at that Time confined by a Deafneſs, I writ her a moſt cavalier Letter, which being brought back I tore in a Rage.

Miſs *Carteret* is every Day getting new Magazines of Arms to deſtroy all *England* upon her Return.

The DIARY *of the late Ingenious and Honourable Mr.* HOLLES ST. JOHN.

AT Eight in the Morn, from my Pillow I tear,
Then *rap* at my Valet inſtead of a Pray'r;
He places my Shoes and my Tea with a Frown,
While I caſt an Eye o'er the News of the Town;
Hum over a Tune, then half dreſs and away,
To which Place, or what Place, no Mortal can ſay:
To Land or to Water alike do incline,
Nor know I, or care, when or where I ſhall dine.
Either mocking ſome Friend, or aſſiſting ſome Slave
In tolling a Bell, or elſe digging a Grave.
One Moment quite eaſy, another quite ſad,
Juſt raviſh'd with *Young*, or with *B—d—ns* ſtark mad.

The

The *Regiſter* charms me with e'ry Word ſaid,
Then how happy is *Holly!* how happy is *Ned!*
The Day being paſs'd, fall to curſing my Stars,
And at Night, for Amuſement, drop into * *Laguerre's*,
With a Lobſter or Soal I do Nature ſuffice,
And feaſt myſelf better than *B—ch—tt*, or *G—ſe*.
Z—nds! where is your Maſter, above or below?
Cries the Waiter, *Your Honour ſhall inſtantly know.*
Jack enters, and gives a ſmall Touch of a Song,
Then ſhuffles away to the Door to be gone;
Nay, Jack, *if you go, by G—d I won't ſtay:*
Boy, get me a Chair, and bring what's to pay.
Faith, Maſter, *I muſt among other Friends peep,*
Here's Jones *is juſt drunk, and* Lindſey *aſleep;*
If they're not ſufficient to make a Man laugh,
I'll e'en ſend for † Waltz, *your great muſical Calf.*

To the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, *at* OXFORD.

Writ from Paris *in the Year* 1728.

SAY, deareſt Friend, how roll thy Hours away,
What pleaſing Study cheats the tedious Day?
Doſt

---

* *A Tavern in St.* Martin's-Lane.

† *A* High Dutch *Singer in the* Italian *Opera's.*

Doſt thou the ſacred Volumes oft explore
Of wiſe Antiquity's immortal Lore,
Where Virtue, by the Charms of Wit refin'd,
At once exalts and poliſhes the Mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty Art,
Which pleaſes only, to corrupt the Heart;
Whoſe curſt Refinements odious Vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to ſcorn!
Doſt thou, in ſage Hiſtorians, joy to ſee
How *Roman* Greatneſs roſe with Liberty?
How the ſame Hands that Tyrants durſt controul,
Their Empire ſtretcht from *Atlas* to the *Pole*.
Till Wealth and Conqueſt into Slaves refin'd
The proud, luxurious Maſters of Mankind?
Doſt thou in letter'd *Greece* each Charm admire,
Each Grace, each Virtue Freedom could inſpire,
Yet in her troubled States ſee all the Woes,
And all the Crimes that giddy Faction knows;
'Till rent by Parties, by Corruption ſold,
Or weakly careleſs, or too raſhly bold,
She ſunk beneath a mitigated Doom,
The Slave and Tutreſs of protecting *Rome?*
Does calm Philoſophy her Aid impart,
To guide the Paſſions, and to mend the Heart?
Taught by her Precepts, haſt thou learnt the End
To which alone the Wiſe their Studies bend;
For which alone, by Nature were deſign'd
The Power of Thought——to benefit Mankind?

Not

Not like the cloyſter'd Drone, to read and doze,
In undeſerving, undeſerv'd Repoſe;
But Reaſon's Influence to diffuſe, to clear
Th' enlighten'd World of ev'ry gloomy Fear;
Diſpel the Miſts of Error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant Chains that clog the free-born Mind.
Happy who thus his Leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt Hours of tranquil Joy;
Nor vext with Pangs that buſier Boſoms tear,
Nor leſs to ſocial Virtues pleaſing Care;
Safe in the Port, yet lab'ring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous Main.
So *Locke* the Days of ſtudious Quiet ſpent;
So *Boyle* in Wiſdom found divine Content;
So *Cambray*, worthy of a happier Doom,
The virtuous Slave of *Louis*, and of *Rome!*
Good * *Wor'ſter* thus ſupports his drooping Age,
Far from Court Flatt'ry, far from Party Rage;
He who in Youth a Tyrant's Frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his Country's Side,
Her boldeſt Champion then, and now her mildeſt Guide.
O generous Warmth! O Sanctity divine!
To emulate his Worth, my Friend, be thine;
Learn from his Life the Duties of the Gown;
Learn not to flatter, nor inſult the Crown;
Nor

* *Dr.* Hough.

Nor, baſely ſervile, court the guilty Great,
Nor raiſe the Church a Rival to the State:
To Error mild, to Vice alone ſevere,
Seek not to ſpread the Law of Love by Fear;
The Prieſt, who plagues the World, can never
mend;
No Foe to Man was e'er to God a Friend:
Let Reaſon, and let Virtue Faith maintain,
All Force but their's is impious, weak and vain.
Me other Cares in other Climes engage,
Cares that become my Birth, and ſuit my Age;
In various Knowledge to improve my Youth,
And conquer Prejudice, worſt Foe to Truth;
By foreign Arts, domeſtic Faults to mend,
Enlarge my Notions, and my Views extend;
The uſeful Science of the World to know,
Which Books can never teach, or Pedants ſhew.—
A Nation here I pity and admire,
Whoſe nobleſt Sentiments of Glory fire;
Yet taught by Cuſtom's Force, and bigot Fear,
To ſerve with Pride, and boaſt the Yoke they
bear;
Whoſe Nobles, born to cringe and to command,
In Courts a mean, in Camps a gen'rous Band;
From Prieſt and Tax-Jobber, content, receive
Thoſe Laws, their dreaded Arms to *Europe* give;
Whoſe People, vain in Want, in Bondage bleſt;
Tho' plunder'd, gay; induſtrious, tho' oppreſt;

With happy Follies riſe above their Fate,
The Jeſt and Envy of each wiſer State.
Yet here the Muſes deign'd a while to ſport,
In the ſhort Sun-ſhine of a fav'ring Court:
Here *Boileau*, ſtrong in Senſe, and ſharp in Wit,
Who *from* the Ancients, *like* the Ancients writ;
Permiſſion gain'd inferior Vice to blame,
By lying Incenſe to his Maſter's Fame.
Here *Moliere*, firſt of Comic Wits, excell'd
Whate'er *Athenian* Theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent Satire, skill'd to pleaſe,
With Morals Mirth uniting, Strength with Eaſe.
Now charm'd I hear the bold *Corneille* inſpire
Heroic Thoughts with *Shakeſpeare*'s Force and Fire;
Now ſweet *Racine* with milder Influence move
The ſoften'd Heart to Pity and to Love.
With mingled Pain and Pleaſure I ſurvey
The pompous Works of arbitrary Sway;
Proud Palaces, that drained Subjects Store,
Rais'd on the Ruins of th' Oppreſt and Poor;
Where ev'n mute Walls * are taught to flatter State,
And painted Triumphs ſtile Ambition great.
With

* *The Victories of* LEWIS XIV. *painted in the Galleries of* Verſailles.

With more Delight ‖ thoſe pleaſing Shades I view,
Where *Condé* from an envious Court withdrew;
Where, ſick of Glory, Faction, Pow'r and Pride,
(Sure Judge how empty all, who all had try'd)
Beneath his Palms the weary Chief repos'd,
And Life's great Scene in quiet Virtue clos'd.
With Shame * that other fam'd Retreat I ſee,
Adorn'd by Art, diſgrac'd by Luxury,
Where *Orleans* waſted every vacant Hour
In the wild Riot of unbounded Pow'r;
Where feveriſh Debauch and impious Love
Stain'd the mad Table, and the guilty Grove.
With theſe Amuſements is thy Friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign Land.
Yet oft a tender Wiſh recalls my Mind,
From preſent Joys, to dearer left behind;
With thee I long, in *Oxford*'s ſilent Wood,
To trace the Labours of the Wiſe and Good;
To paint, with Wonder and Delight renew'd,
Each rarer Scene my wand'ring Eyes have view'd;
To open all my Mind's collected Store,
To tell the Joys I felt, and Pains I bore;
Pains, which thy Preſence would have beſt allay'd,
And Joys, imperfect, by thy Abſence made.
O Native Iſle, fair Freedom's happieſt Seat!
At Thought of thee, my bounding Pulſes beat;

‖ Chantilly. * *St.* Cloud.

At Thought of thee, my Heart impatient burns,
And all my Country on my Soul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy Fields, whoſe plenteous Grain
No Pow'r can raviſh from th' induſtrious Swain?
When ſhall I kiſs the ſacred Earth that bore
A *Ruſſel*, *Hambden*, *Sidney*, *Cecil*, *More*?
When in the Shade of Laws, that long have ſtood,
Propt by their Care, or ſtrengthen'd by their Blood;
Of fearleſs Independance wiſely vain,
The proudeſt Slave of *Bourbon*'s Race diſdain?
Yet oh! what Doubts, what ſad preſaging Voice
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate ev'ry State around,
From ſultry *Spain*, to *Norway*'s icy Bound;
Bids their *loſt* Rights, their *ruin'd* Glories ſee;
And tells me, theſe, like *England*, once were free!

To Mr. POINTZ, AMBASSADOR *at the Congreſs of* Soiſſons, *in the Year* 1728.

Written at PARIS.

O Thou, whoſe Friendſhip is my Joy and Pride,
Whoſe Virtues warm me, and whoſe Precepts guide:
Thou to whom Greatneſs rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger Power of being good:

Say,

Say, *Pointz*, amidſt the Toils of anxious State,
Does not thy ſecret Soul deſire Retreat?
Do'ſt thou not wiſh (the Task of Glory done)
Thy buſy Life at length might be thy own;
That to thy lov'd Philoſophy reſign'd,
No Care might ruffle thy unbended Mind?
Juſt is the Wiſh; for all that Heaven can give,
Or favour'd Man in Recompence receive,
Is to reflect at Eaſe on glorious Pains,
And calmly to enjoy what Virtue gains.

Not him I praiſe, who from the World retir'd,
By no enliv'ning gen'rous Paſſion fir'd,
On flow'ry Couches ſlumbers Life away,
And gently lets his active Powers decay;
Who fears bright Glory's awful Face to ſee,
And ſhuns Renown as much as Infamy.
But bleſt is he, who exercis'd in Cares,
To private Leiſure public Virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the Race he nobly run
And decks Repoſe with Trophies Labour won;
Him Honour follows, to the ſecret Shade,
And crowns propitious his declining Head;
In his Retreats their Harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in Lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing:
Friendſhip and Truth on all his Moments wait,
Pleas'd with Retirement better than with State
And round the Bow'r, where humbly great he lies,
Fair Olives bloom, or verdant Laurels riſe:

So

So when thy Country ſhall no more demand
The needful Aid of thy ſuſtaining Hand;
When Peace reſtor'd, ſhall on her downy Wing
Secure Repoſe, and careleſs Leiſure bring;
Then to the Shades of learned Eaſe retir'd,
The World forgetting, by the World admir'd,
Among thy Books and Friends thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet Happineſs;
Pleas'd to review a Life in Honour ſpent,
And painful Merit paid with ſweet Content.
Yet tho' thy Hours unclog'd with Sorrow roll,
Tho' Wiſdom calm, and Science feed thy Soul,
One greater Bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
Which only can improve and crown the reſt.
Permit thy Friend this Secret to reveal,
Which thy own Heart perhaps would better tell;
All we can ask of Guardian Pow'rs above,
Is to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the Charm to ſmooth the troubl'd Breaſt,
Friend to our Health, and Author of our Reſt;
Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing Paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring String to Harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the Name of Love inſpires
More pleaſing Thoughts, and more enliv'ning Fires;
Beneath his Pow'r my raptur'd Fancy glows,
And ev'ry tender Verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the Privilege of living free;
Our Hearts were never form'd for Liberty:

Some beauteous Image well imprinted there
Can beſt defend them from conſuming Care.
In vain to Groves and Gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural Works admire;
Tho' grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair Eye, my Friend, thy Boſom fire,
With pleaſing Pangs of ever gay Deſire,
And teach thee that ſoft Science, which alone
Still to thy ſearching Mind reſts ſlightly known.
Thy Soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
To Friendſhip ſenſible, to Love inclin'd;
And therefore long thou can'ſt not arm thy Breaſt
Againſt the Entrance of ſo ſweet a Gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring Muſes bid me tell,
For Heaven ſhall ratify what they reveal:
A choſen Bride ſhall in thy Arms be plac'd,
With all th' attractive Charms of Beauty grac'd;
Whoſe Wit and Virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
Diſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter Dreſs:
Thy Greatneſs ſhe, or thy Retreat ſhall ſhare,
Sweeten Tranquility, or ſoften Care;
Her Smiles the Taſte of ev'ry Joy ſhall raiſe,
And add new Pleaſure to Renown and Praiſe;
Till charm'd, you own the Truth my Verſe would prove,
That *Happineſs* is near ally'd to *Love*.

The HARD DUTY *of Dean* SWIFT's Curate.

I March'd three Miles thro' ſcorching Sand,
With Zeal in Heart and Notes in Hand:
I rode four more to great St. *Mary*,
Uſing four Legs when two were weary.
To three fair Virgins I did tie Men
In the cloſe Bands of pleaſing *Hymen*:
I dipp'd two Babes in holy Water,
And purify'd their Mothers after.
Within in an Hour and eke a Half,
I preach'd three Congregations deaf.
Which thundering out with Lungs long winded,
I chopp'd ſo faſt that few there minded.
My Emblem the laborious Sun,
Saw all theſe mighty Labours done
Before one Race of his was run.
All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*;
What Mortal elſe could e'er go through it?

On

On the GOUT.

WHILE the firſt Race of Men with Toil and Sweat,
Manur'd the Ground, and earn'd the Bread they eat;
From conſtant Exerciſe and temperate Food,
Vigour unbought and Health ſpontaneous flow'd;
Long did the Gout remain unknown on Earth,
Unknown the fatal Cauſe that gave it Birth;
Till Plenty, Parent of Exceſs and Eaſe,
Call'd forth the latent Seeds of the Diſeaſe.
Exceſs of every Malady the Source,
Chang'd our perverted Bleſſings to a Curſe.
Hence ſtill a Stranger to the lowly Cells,
Where Health with Poverty and Labour dwells,
To thoſe proud Structures for Retreat he flies,
Where Luxury ſwells the Dome, and bids the Column riſe.
When ſeaſon'd Diſhes croud the Glutton's Feaſt,
And poignant Sauces gratify his Taſte,
When the inflaming Glaſs moves briskly round,
And the gay Board with thoughtleſs Mirth is crown'd,
How dearly muſt the Wretch hereafter buy,
With hourly Pangs, each Moment's fleeting Joy?
While every wanton and ſuperfl'ous Draught
With future Woe and Miſery is fraught:

In each delicious Morſel Poiſon lurks,
Deſtroys at Leiſure, and in ſecret works.
Is Life too long, that thus inventive Man,
By various Arts, contracts his niggard Span?
Are there not num'rous Deaths we cannot ſhun,
That we ſo willingly to Deſtruction run?
Hence noxious Humours taint th' infected Blood,
Retard its Force, and clog its circling Flood,
Miſhapen Nodes the ſwelling Joints diſtend,
And pungent Tortures every Sinew rend;
Nor ceaſes here——from Race to Race it runs,
This, with their Wealth, the Sires bequeath their Sons.
Hence the diſtorted Limbs, the ſickly Mein,
The lep'rous Spots which taint the Infant Skin;
Such in the well-born Child we often trace,
Characteriſticks of a noble Race.
Gehazi thus entail'd on all his Seed,
The Curſe inflicted on his venal Deed.
How falſe our Eſtimate of human Things?
How hid the Source from whence our Welfare ſprings?
We envy and admire the Rich and Great,
Smit with the dazzling Splendour of his State.
But turn your Eyes and ſee another Scene,
View him in all the Agonies of Pain,
When killing Anguiſh throbs in every Vein.
His Limbs unwieldly, cumberſome and ſlow,
Their wonted Functions now no longer know;

How

How little then avails his envy'd Wealth,
To baniſh Pain, or purchaſe wiſh'd for Health,
How gladly would he truckle uſeleſs Store,
For the laborious Vigour of the Poor?
Thoſe Dainties now which crown his plenteous Board,
But mock the Miſery of their wretched Lord.
Joyleſs amidſt his Affluence he pines,
Nor taſtes his choiceſt Meals or richeſt Wines.
So *Damocles* with anxious Fear oppreſs'd,——
View'd with a ſickly Eye the Tyrant's ſplendid Feaſt.
Who would be rich on Terms ſevere as theſe?
Has Wealth, with ſuch Attendants, Charms to pleaſe?
Who would his humble Poverty forgo,
For fancy'd Happineſs and real Woe?
——But Wealth, in Time of Need, can ſummons Art,
And ſov'reign Med'cine ſhall its Aid impart.
Little avails what *Hulſe* or *Mead* can do;
Tho' every Drug and every Herb they know,
Inferior Strength muſt yield to a ſuperior Foe,
Who ſafe entrench'd in Eaſe, maintains his Ground,
Tho' all the *Force of Warwick-Lane* ſurround.

Wou'd you be free from Pain, and Health enſure?
In your own Hand behold the Means of Cure:
'To rugged Toils enure your cruel Foe,
'Hard Lodging and coarſe Diet let him know;

‘ Send him to dig the Ground, and till the Field,
‘ To cleave the ſtubborn Wood, the pond'rous
‘ Flail to wield;
‘ Sweating to mow the Graſs, both let him know
‘ The ſcorching Summer's Heat, and Winter's
‘ Snow.
Such, exerciſe, thy Power! it can prevail
Where Drugs are vain and *Cataplaſms* fail.

The COUNTRY WEDDING:

Or, the PLOUGH *yoked to the* CUPBOARD.

To the Tune of, *The Abbot of* Canterbury.

ALL you that e'er taſted of *Swatfal Hall-Beer*,
Or ever cry'd Roaſtmeat, for having been there,
To crown your good Cheer, pray accept of a Catch,
Now *Harry* and *Betty* have ſtruck up a Match.
Derry down, down, &c.

As Things may fall out which No-Body wou'd gueſs,
So it happens that *Harry* ſhould fall in with *Beſs*;
May they be to each other a mutual Relief;
To their Plenty of Carrots, I wiſh 'em much Beef.
Derry down, down, &c.

She

She had a great Talent at Roaſtmeat and Boil'd,
And ſeldom it was that her Pudding was ſpoil'd;
Renown'd too for Dumpling and Dripping-pan Sop,
At handling a Diſh-Clout and twirling a Mop.
Derry down, down, &c.

To Kitchen-Stuff only her Thoughts did inſpire,
Yet Wit ſhe'd enough — to keep out of the Fire;
And tho' in ſome Things ſhe were ſhort of the Fox,
'Tis ſaid, ſhe had twenty good Pounds in her Box.
Derry down, down, &c.

Now we've told you the Bride's rare Deſerts and Eſtate,
'Tis fit that the Bridegroom's good Parts we relate;
As honeſt a Ploughman as e'er held a Plough,
As truſty a Carter as e'er cry'd Jee-ho.
Derry down, down, &c.

So lovingly he with his Cattle agreed,
That ſeldom a Laſh for his Whip he did need;
When a Man is ſo gentle and kind to his Horſe,
His Wife may expect that he'll not uſe her worſe.
Derry down, down, &c.

With Induſtry he had collected the Pence;
In thirty good Pounds there's a great deal of Senſe;
And

And tho' he ſuſpected ne'er was of a Plot,
None yet in Good-humour, e'er call'd him a Sot.
Derry down, down, &c.

For Brewing we hardly ſhall meet with his Fellow;
His Beer was well hopt, clear, ſubſtantial and mellow:
He brew'd the good Liquor; ſhe ming'd the good Cake;
And as they have brew'd even ſo let 'em bake.
Derry down, down, &c.

Their Shoes he can cobble, ſhe mend their old Cloaths;
And both are ingenious at darning of Hoſe:
Then ſince he has gotten the Length of her Foot,
As they make their own Bed, ſo pray let 'em go to't.
Derry down, down, &c.

Bid the Laſſes and Lads to the merry brown Bowl;
Whilſt Raſhers of Bacon ſhall ſmoke on the Coal,
Then *Roger* and *Bridget* and *Robin* and *Nan*,
Hit 'em each on the Noſe, with the Hoſe, if they can.
Derry down, down, &c.

May her Wheel and his Plough be ſo happily ſped,
With the beſt in the Pariſh to hold up their Head.

May

May he load his own Waggon with Butter and Cheese,
Whilst she rides to Market with Turkies and Geese.
Derry down, down, &c.

May he be a Church-Warden and yet come to Church;
Nor when in his Office take on him too much:
May she meet due Respect without Scolding or Strife;
And live to drink Tea with the Minister's Wife.
Derry down, down, &c.

Rejoice ye good Fellows that love a good Bit,
To see thus united the Tap and the Spit;
For as Bread is the Staff of Man's Life, so you know,
Good Drink is the Switch makes it merrily go.
Derry down, down, &c.

Then drink to good Neighbourhood, Plenty and Peace,
That our Taxes may lessen, and Weddings increase;
Let the High and the Low, like good Subjects agree,
Till the Courtiers for Shame grow as honest as we.
Derry down, down, &c.

Let

Let Conjugal Love be the Pride of each Swain,
Till true-hearted Maids have no Cauſe to complain;
To the Church pay her Dues, to his Majeſty Honour;
And Homage and Rent to the Lord of the Manor.
Derry down, down, &c.

On PHILLIS.

PHILLIS has a gentle Heart,
Willing to the Lovers courting,
Wanton Nature, all the Art
To direct her in her Sporting;

In the Embrace, the Look, the Kiſs,
All is real Inclination;
No falſe Raptures in the Bliſs,
No feign'd Sighing in the Paſſion.

But oh! who the Charms can ſpeak?
Who the thouſand Ways of Toying?
When ſhe does the Lover make
All a God in the enjoying?

Who the Limbs that round him move
And conſtrain him to the Bliſſes,
Who the Eyes that ſwim in Love,
Or the Lips that ſuck in Kiſſes.

Oh!

Oh! the Freaks when mad ſhe grows,
Raves all wild with the poſſeſſing!
Oh! the ſilent Trance which ſhews
The Delight above expreſſing!

Every Way ſhe does engage
Idly talking, ſpeechleſs lying,
She tranſports me with her Rage,
And ſhe kills me with her dying.

To STREPHON,

A SONG.

FLY, *Strephon*, fly, when Beauties dart
Their am'rous Glances at your Heart,
The fixt Mark gives the Archer Aim,
And Ladies Looks have Pow'r to maim:
Now 'twixt their Lips, now in their Eyes,
Or in a Kiſs young Cupid lies;
Then fly betimes, for only They
Can conquer Love who run away.

PULCHERIA.

A Berkſhire PASTORAL.

WHERE gentle *Kennet* joins his friendly Streams,
And adds freſh Riches to the Silver *Thames*,
In flow'ry Meads, beneath an * aged Seat,
Of Nuns and Friars once the ſafe Retreat;

Old Ruins now reduc'd to Garden Ground,
And only famous for a Tomb † unfound.
Thus *Damon* ſung, by melting Love inſpir'd,
Whilſt *Kennet* liſten'd and the Flocks admir'd.

The crackling Sticks which make yon blazing Fire,
May flame one Moment, and the next expire,
That fair, that blooming Roſe will fade away,
But Love, like mine, can never feel Decay.

That purling Stream, in Time, may ceaſe to flow,
That curling Vine to bud, that Elm to grow:
Each Female's Tongue may reſt and ceaſe to move,
But I— can never, never ceaſe to love.

Per-

* Reading Abbey.

† *King* Henry *the firſt is ſuppoſed to be buried here.*

Perpetual Change the varying Seaſons rule,
Now ſcorching *Syrius* Reigns, now Breezes cool;
Hot Fevers frequent Intermiſſions find,
But Flames eternal always parch my Mind.

The Silver Moon now yields a grateful Light,
Now pitchy Darkneſs veils her from our Sight;
The Day and Night ſucceed by equal Turns,
But ah!—my Boſom ever, ever burns.

The reſtleſs Winds from different Quarters blow,
The faithleſs Tides have conſtant Ebb and Flow,
The ſelf-ſame Race bright *Phœbus* never goes,
My Breaſt alone no Variation knows.

Thoſe ſhady Trees, ſo freſh, ſo green, and fair,
Of late were ſapleſs, leafleſs, whither'd, bare;
Thoſe flow'ry Meads were lately ſnowy Plains,
All Nature changes, but my Love remains.

Nor ſhould I ever take Delight to change,
Nor ſeek, nor envy their alternate Range,
Wou'd ſweet *Pulcheria* but my Flames approve,
Smile to my Smiles, and render Love for Love.

Hark,—*Thames* remurmurs as he creeps along;
Yon riſing Spires re-eccho to my Song,
Some pleaſing Frenzy, or deludes my Mind;
Or theſe preſage, and bright *Pulcheria*'s kind.

ROSALINDA.

A SONG.

SO dull and inſipid, O! why am I grown?
And what are become of the Joys of the Town?
The Park and the Play-houſe ſo fruitful of Glee,
Without *Roſalinda* are Deſarts to me.

The Charms of the Bottle that never yet fail'd,
But ſtill over Care and dull Thinking prevail'd,
No Flavour, no Reliſh, no Vigour can boaſt
Unleſs *Roſalinda* be nam'd for the Toaſt.

My Friends, whoſe Diſcourſe was ſo gay and ſo fine,
As heighten'd the Pleaſures of Beauty and Wine,
Have nothing Good-humour'd or witty to ſay,
Becauſe *Roſalinda* is brighter than they.

Soft Sleep, when the Debtor forgets what he owes,
The Beggar's Relief and the Miſer's Repoſe,
Reprieves me 'till *Phœbus* has harneſs'd his Team,
Or elſe *Roſalinda* preſents in a Dream.

I fancy I ſee the bright Theme of my Song,
And hear the ſweet Muſic that melts on her Tongue,

I ſee

I ſee her, I hear her; and O! 'tis too much!
I ſeem *Roſalinda*'s ſoft Fingers to touch.

Since the *Park* and the Play-houſe no longer can
pleaſe,
Nor Wine, nor good Fellows, afford any Eaſe,
Why wanders our *Collin* in Cities forlorn
Whilſt fair *Roſalinda* the Woodlands adorn?

Is he tir'd with the *Park*, and ſtill ſauntering there?
Is he ſick of the Stage and yet can't forbear?
Is his Mouth out of Taſte with his Bottle and
Friend?
Or does he but fair *Roſalinda* pretend?

The Dog for the Shadow the Subſtance let go,
As *Æſop* informs us; the Moral you know.
Then if you will ſpend your whole Life in a Dream,
Nor Fortune, nor fair *Roſalinda*'s to blame.

Leave the *Park* and the Play for the ſweet Coun-
try Air,
And the Noiſe and the Tumult for Peace and the
Fair;
Where, in innocent Pleaſures our Time rolls away,
And fair *Roſalinda*'s crown'd *Queen of the May.*

A

PASTORAL ELEGY,

On the Death of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

WHAT means, honeſt Shepherd, this Cloud on thy Brow,
Say, where is thy Mirth and thy Melody now?
Thy Pipe thrown aſide, and thy Looks full of Thought,
As ſilent and ſad as a Bird newly caught:
Has any Misfortune befallen thy Flocks,
Some Lamb been betray'd by the Craft of the Fox;
Or Murrain more fatal, juſt ſeiz'd on thy Herd,
Or has thy dear *Phillis* let ſlip a croſs Word.

The Seaſon indeed may to muſing incline,
Now that grey-bearded *Winter* makes *Autumn* reſign;
The Hills all around us their Ruſſet put on,
And the Skies ſeem in Mourning for Loſs of the Sun;
The Winds make the Tree, where thou ſitt'ſt ſhake its Head;
Yet tho' with dry Leaves Mother Earth's Lap is ſpread,

Her

Her Boſom to chear us, is verdant with Wheat;
And the Woods can ſupply us with Paſtime and Meat.

O! no, ſays the Shepherd, I mourn none of theſe,
Content with ſuch Changes as Heaven ſhall pleaſe;
Tho' now we have got the wrong Side of the Year,
'Twill turn up again, and freſh Beauties appear:
But the Loſs that I grieve for, no Time can reſtore;
Our Maſter that lov'd us ſo well is no more;
That Oak which we hop'd wou'd long ſhelter us all
Is fallen; then well may we ſhake at its Fall.

Where find we a Paſtor ſo kind, and ſo good,
So careful to feed us with wholeſomeſt Food,
To watch for our Safety and drive far away
The ſly prouling Fox, that would make us his Prey:
O! may his Remembrance forever remain
To ſhame thoſe hard Shepherds who, mindful of Gain,
Only look at their Sheep with an Eye to the Fleece,
And watch 'em but ſo as the Fox watch'd the Geeſe.

Whom now ſhall I chooſe for the Theme of my Song?
Or muſt my poor Pipe on the Willow be hung?

No

No more to commend that Good-nature and Senſe,
Which always cou'd pleaſe, but ne'er once gave Offence;
What Honour directed he firmly purſu'd,
Yet would not his Judgment on others intrude;
Still ready to help, with his Service and Vote,
But ne'er to thruſt Oar in another Man's Boat.

No more, honeſt Shepherd, theſe Sorrows reſound,
The Virtues thou praiſeſt ſo hard to be found,
Are yet not all fled, for the Swain who ſucceeds
To his Fields and his Herds, is true Heir to his Deeds;
His Pattern he'll follow, his Gentleneſs uſe,
Take Care of the Shepherds and cheriſh the Muſe;
Then ceaſe for the Dead thy impertinent Care,
Rejoice, he ſurvives in his Brother and Heir.

The NYMPH *on the* HILL.

A SONG.

NEAR Streams which in muſical Murmurs repin'd,
In a Valley, whoſe Willows fetch'd Sighs with the Wind,
Thus a Shepherd neglected was making his Moan,
Oppreſt with the Burthen which Love had laid on;

Here

Here my Lambs full of Frolick and Pleasance I see,
But when is the Day that brings Pleasance to me?
My Sheep ne'er regard me, but heedlesly play
As if I had more Need of a Driver than they;
Gentle *Cupid* some Sense of soft Pity bestow,
The painful Delight, the agreeable Woe,
In the cold snowy Breast of the Nymph on the Hill,
And tell her, 'tis nobler to save than to kill.

A NORTH EAST PROSPECT

OF

MATRIMONY.

Imitated from BEN JOHNSON.

WHO say that *Giles* and *Joan* at Discord live?
Their Neighbours no such Difference perceive.—
'Tis true poor *Giles* repents, with many a Groan,
That ever he was married—so does *Joan*.
If *Giles* could help it, *Giles* would never be
One tedious Hour in *Joan*'s Society;
No more would *Joan* he should: *Giles* with the Day
Bolts thro' his Doors, and gladsome sings away;

Joan ſcreams for Joy too—Dinner muſt be had,
So *Giles* returns moſt ſad, and *Joan*'s as ſad.
Oft Times when *Giles* at his Return doth find
His Wife's He-Friend, *Giles* wiſhes he was blind,
And ſo doth *Joan* ſincerely wiſh it; then
Giles prays for Death, and *Joany* ſays, *Amen.*
If then that Woman who concurs thro' Life
With Spouſe in all Things, be a ſpecial Wife,
Sure *Joan* is ſuch—and if the married Pair
Think the ſame Things, in Harmony they are;
If this a Matrimonial Concord be—
Than *Giles* and *Joan* who better can agree?

The INDICTMENT.

A BALLAD.

Tune, *King* John *and the Abbot of* Canterbury.

MY Lord, for your patient Attention I ſue;
And, Dons of the Jury, I crave it of you:
—That Lady who ſtands with ſo blameleſs an Air,
Is—a Thief, and the Truth I am come to declare.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Street-Robbers by Law are condemn'd to a Rope;
Where that Crime is found there is ſmall Room for Hope;

And

And the Reaſon is plain why the Law is ſevere;
What is worſe than to *rob us*, they *put us in Fear*.
Derry, down, &c.

This being premis'd,—on my Oath I declare
T'other Night in the Street, by the Eyes of that Fair
I was order'd to ſtop, when ſcarce able to ſtand,
And ſcar'd out of my Wits, at the *Look* of Command.
Derry down, &c.

Confounded I ſtood at the ſudden Surprize;
When ſtrait a ſharp Lancet came ſlap from her Eyes:
She, ſeeing Reſiſtance was out of my Power,
Stole my Heart, and retains it at this very Hour.
Derry down, &c.

If Crimes of this Kind ſhould be let to gain Ground,
To the State it of fatal Effect would be found:
Should our Youth of their Hearts thus be robb'd in the Night
Who ſhall we appoint the proud *Spaniard* to fight?
Derry down, &c.

Would your Lordſhip but let me her Sentence pronounce,
For the Sake of Example, this Lady I'd trounce.

She ſhould be condemn'd, with that Bluſh on her Face,
To—meet me this Evening at the ſame Place.

Derry down, &c.

VERSES *to Miſs* WOFFINGTON.

IF, when the Breaſt is rent with Pain,
It be no Crime the Nymph ſhould know it,
O *Woffington* accept the Strain!
Pity, tho' you'll not cure the Poet!

Shou'd you reject my ardent Prayer,
Yet ſend not back the am'rous Paper,
My Pangs may help to curl thy Hair,
My Paſſion fringe the glowing Taper.

Too deeply ſtruck to think of Fame,
In Verſe my Weakneſs I diſcover;
Above the ſurly Critick's Blame,
Wou'd you reward a conſtant Lover;

But that's alaſs! a Bliſs too great,
In vain is every fond Endeavour
Like mine was *Icarus*'s Fate
He ſoar'd too high, ſo fell forever.

No more the Theatre I ſeek,
But when I'm promis'd there to find you,
All *H—rt—n*'s Merit's now grown weak,
And *Cl——e* remains far far behind you.

Tis thus the poliſh'd Pebble plays,
And gains awhile ſome vulgar Praiſes,
But ſoon withdraws its feeble Rays
When the ſuperior Di'mond blazes.

Who ſees you ſhine in *Wildair*'s Part,
But ſudden feels his Boſom panting?
Thy very Sex receives the Dart,
And almoſt thinks there's nothing wanting:

When gay *Lætitia* treads the Stage,
I burn to ſee ſo fair a Creature,
Careſs a hoary Son of Age
The *Fondlewife* of Art and Nature.

No more his Needle duly points,
For Ruſt has brav'd the Magnet's Virtue,
Since Time has now unnerv'd thy Joints,
To think of Love, my Friend, will hurt you;

Still ſcribble Odes, or good or bad,
For ſcribbilng is the Laureat's Duty:
Drink Cordials, and go warmly clad,
But meddle not with Youth and Beauty.

O fairer

O fairer than the Beam of Day,
For whom I venture Falls in climbing,
If ſlight's the Tribute that I pay,
Think, think, how hard's the Task of rhiming.

In vain I bade each Muſe attend,
They frown'd, nor my Petition granted,
And *Phœbus*, like a modern Friend,
Is then moſt ſhy when moſt he's wanted.

On the SOLDIER *who was drown'd in attempting to croſs the* Thames *in the great Froſt, and was afterwards found with his Piece faſt held in his Hand.*

A Soldier, late of *Britain*'s hardy Brood,
Provok'd the Dangers of the frozen Flood,
And, where his Valour now no more could ſave,
Grim Death aſſail'd him on the midway Wave.
Hither! and arm'd! what Boldneſs! what Diſdain
Of this dread Scene were Fate and Winter reign!
Yield, yield thoſe Arms, that Courage I'll diſmay;
So ſpoke the ſtern Deſtroyer o'er his Prey.
But him the ſterner Veteran defy'd,
And, graſping hard his Weapon, thus reply'd:
Know Tyrant, know, tho' I my Life reſign,
My Honour and my Arms ſhall ſtill be mine;

And

And by the Sequel plainly prov'd it true,
That Death may kill the Brave, but can't ſubdue.

EXTEMPORE *STANZA's*

On an Accident at the OPERA.

AS in the fair wide-ſpreading Plain,
Gazing o'er all the Face of Night;
With roving Eye the ſimple Swain
Strays through the lovely Lawns of Light.

Yet in the num'rous ſtarry Field,
Sees none with *Cynthia* may compare;
And none next her who Rays doth yield
Like *Venus* Star ſo ſweetly fair!

With Joy like his, young *Strephon* late
O'er *Britiſh* Beauties caſt his Eye,
As at the Opera he ſat,
On all the Hoſt of Love a Spy.

Yet there, amidſt the ſhining Band,
Like lovely *Lesbia* none he ſaw:
Next her *Flavilla* did command
And kept admiring Hearts in Awe.

While

While thoſe bright Planets Joy inſpire,
As in Heaven's high Expanſe they glow,
Inform'd with no leſs noble Fire,
Theſe Stars ſhall rule the World below.

HORACE, Book I. Ode xi.

Imitated.

FOrbear, my dear *Strephon*, with fruitleſs Deſire,
Into Truths which are better conceal'd to enquire;
Who anticipate Care, their own Pleaſure deſtroy,
And invite Diſappointment who build upon Joy.
Perhaps many Years are allow'd me by Fate,
Or next Winter perhaps is the laſt of their Date.
Let credulous Fools, whom Aſtrologers cheat,
Exult or deſpond as they vary Deceit.
All Ills unforeſeen we the eaſieſt endure,
What avails to foreſee, unleſs Foreſight cou'd cure?
And from Ills by their Arts how can Wretches be freed,
When that Art muſt be falſe, or thoſe Ills be decreed?
E'en now, while I write, Time ſteals on my Youth,
And a Moment's cut off from thy Friendſhip and Truth;

Then

Then no more on Hereafter thy Wiſhes employ,
Who build on the Future, the Preſent deſtroy.
To-Day's all the Treaſure poor Mortals can boaſt,
For To-Morrow's not gain'd, and Yeſterday's loſt.
Then ſeize the ſwift Bleſſing, enjoy the dear Now,
And take, not expect, what Hereafter 'll beſtow.

HORACE, Book II. Ode xvi.

Imitated.

IN Health and Peace, my Friend, to live,
Is all I ask of Heav'n to give.
It is not in the Pow'r of Wealth
To purchaſe e'en a Moment's Health;
And humble Peace abhors the State
Which is Attendant on the Great.
Who lives with little, lives the beſt,
No fretful Cares diſturb his Reſt.
'Tis true, his Diet may be ſpare;
But then he ſleeps without a Fear.
And what is all the hurry'd Scene,
The ſordid Buſtle after Gain,
Which ſome Men make? Why ſuch Ado?
We live but for an Hour or two:
And can the Miſer's hoarded Store
Add to his Life one Minute more?

What tho' for Gain, with thirſty Soul,
He flies Abroad from Pole to Pole,
Where-e'er he flies, he ſtill will find,
He cannot leave himſelf behind
But buſy Care will haunt his Mind.
There is, I know, no State of Life
Entirely free from Care and Strife:
Then ſocial Mirth ſhall glad my Heart,
And ſweeten all the bitter Part.
The preſent Time is mine, poſſeſt;
In that I may and will be bleſt;
To look beyond it is a Jeſt.
How ſoon alas! in youthful Pride,
The great, the noble *Aurio* dy'd!
And you, whoſe Years may gently waſte,
Tho' ne'er ſo loth muſt die at laſt.
However Fortune gilds the Scene,
'Twill be as if it ne'er had been.
To thee, my Friend, it's giv'n to ſhine,
I envy not; the World is thine.
To me a little Country Seat,
A happy, yet unenvy'd State,
Between the Vulgar and the Great.
To grant me more let Fortune ceaſe,
I ſcorn the Crowd and am at Peace.

The RESOLUTION.

WERE I invited to a Nectar Feaſt
In Heav'n, and *Venus* nam'd me for her Gueſt,
Tho' *Mercury* the Meſſenger ſhould prove,
Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
At the ſame Inſtant let but honeſt *Tom*
From *Sylvia*'s dear terreſtrial Lodging come,
With Look important, ſay — *deſires at Three* —
Alone — *your Company* — *to drink ſome Tea* —
Tho' *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine,
Tho' *Sylvia* gave me Water, *Venus* Wine,
Tho' Heaven were here, and *Bow-ſtreet* lay as far
As the vaſt Diſtance of the Polar Star,
With open Arms to *Sylvia* would I fly,
Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

VERSES *ſent to a* LADY *with a* Lap-Dog.

TO thee, fair Maid, a Dog I ſend,
Thy Couch to guard, thy Board to tend.
This Dog might an Example be,
To the moſt noble two-legg'd he.
Faithful he will in Service prove,
And ever grateful for thy Love:

Such, as each Nymph might wiſh her Swain,
Always to pleaſe, but never pain.
Yet him we ſaucy Men do call,
A Creature quite irrational.
What then is Reaſon? Inſtinct, what?
And wherein differs this from that?
Tell me, ye learned Scotiſts, ſay,
Why thoſe who boaſt of Reaſon's Sway,
Are far leſs govern'd, far more fool'd,
Than thoſe by weaker Inſtinct rul'd?
No Anſwer to theſe Doubts are found,
But quibling Jargon, ſenſeleſs Sound.
Take therefore take, thou tender Fair,
The jetty *Mauro* to thy Care.
By thy ſoft Hand may he be led,
And from thoſe ſnowy Fingers fed.
When ſoothing Dreams thy Eye-lids cloſe,
On the ſame Down may he repoſe;
Thy Charms from bold Intruders keep;
And only to *Alexis* ſleep.

The following EPITAPH *is taken from a fair Inſcription on a large Stone, within a Niche of the Wall of the Mauſoleum in my Lord* Cobham's *Gardens at* Stow.

To the Memory
Of
SIGNOR FIDO,
An *Italian* of good Extraction,
Who came into *England*,
Not to *bite* us, like moſt of his Countrymen,
But to gain an honeſt Livelihood.
He *hunted* not after Fame,
Yet acquir'd it.
Regardleſs of the Praiſe of his Friends,
But moſt ſenſible of their Love.
Tho' he liv'd amongſt the Great,
He neither learnt nor flatter'd any Vice:
He was no Bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles:
And if to follow Nature,
And to reſpect the Laws of Society,
Be Philoſophy;
He was a perfect Philoſopher,
A faithful Friend,
An agreeable Companion,
A lov-

A loving Husband,
And, tho' an *Italian*,
Was diſtinguiſh'd by a numerous Offspring;
All which he liv'd to ſee take good *Courſes*.
In his old Age he retir'd
To the Houſe of a Clergyman in the Country,
Where he finiſhed his *earthly Race*,
And died an Honour and an Example to the whole Species.

Reader,
THIS STONE is guiltleſs of Flattery,
For he to whom it was inſcrib'd,
Was not a Man,
But
A GREY-HOUND.

To C E L I A,

On a SNUFF-BOX, *with a* LOOKING-GLASS *in the Lid.*

LET others *Venus* and the Graces place,
Or *Cupid*, God of Love, theſe Toys to grace;
Deign Charmer but to caſt thoſe ſparkling Eyes,
On this fair Mirror. Lo! with glad Surprize
A fairer Form than *Venus* ſhall ariſe.

Smile but, my Fair, and view ten thouſand Loves
Cheerful as Light, and ſoft as wooing Doves:
Beauty and Love with Thee forever ſtay
Soon as thou clos'ſt the Lid, both fly away.

A KING AT ARMS *diſarm'd at* LAW.

A BALLAD.

YE fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaux who deceive 'em,
Who with Paſſion engage, and without Reaſon leave 'em;
Draw near, and attend, how the Hero I ſing
Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' at *Arms he was King.*

Creſts, *Mottos*, *Supporters*, and *Bearings* knew he,
And deeply was ſtudied in old Pedigree;
He wou'd ſit a whole Evening, and not without Rapture,
Tell who begot whom to the End of the Chapter.

In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him, but ſolely,
That the Man died *Calebs*, or elſe *ſine Prole*:
At laſt, having trac'd others Families down,
He began to have Thoughts of encreaſing his own.

A Dam-

A Damſel he choſe not too ſlow of Belief,
And fain wou'd be deem'd her Admirer in chief;
He *blazon'd his Suit*, and the Sum of his Tale
Was *His Field and her Field*, join'd *Party per pale*.

In different Stile, to tie faſter the Nooſe,
He next would attack her in ſoft Billet-doux:
His *Argent and Sable* were laid aſide quite;
Plain *Engliſh* he wrote, and in plain *Black and White*.

Againſt ſuch *Atchievements*, what Beauty could fence?
Or who would have thought it was all but Pretence?
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Deſire,
The Lady agreed to join Hands with the 'Squire.

The 'Squire, in a Fret, that the Jeſt went ſo far,
Conſider'd, with Speed, how to put in a *Barr*:
His Words bound not him, ſince her's did not confine her;
And that is plain Law, becauſe Miſs is a Minor.

Miſs briskly reply'd, That the Law was too hard,
If ſhe who is Minor may not be a *Ward*.
In Law then confiding, ſhe took it upon her,
By Juſtice to mend theſe foul Breaches of Honour.

She

She handled him ſo, that few would, I warrant,
Have been in his *Coat*, on ſo *ſleeveleſs* an Errand.
She made him give Bond for ſtamp'd *Argent* and *Or*;
And *ſabled* his *Shield*, with *Gules blazoned* before.

Ye Heralds, produce, from the Time of the *Normans*,
In all your Records, ſuch a baſe Non-performance;
Or if without Inſtance the Caſe is we touch on;
Let this be ſet down as a *Blot in his Scutcheon*.

On TATE *and* BRADY's PSALMS.

IN *Hebrew* Times, when *Iſrael*'s Faith was ſtrong,
Great were the Virtues of Poetic Song;
Saul's evil Spirit *David*'s Harp obey'd,
The King was eaſy, whilſt the Pſalmiſt play'd:
But now the Force of Poetry is chang'd,
And *David*'s Senſe from *David*'s Words eſtrang'd:
When *Tate* and *Brady* touch the ſacred Strings,
The Madneſs ſeems the Pſalmiſt's, not the King's.

On BARBARINI *Dancing.*

WHEN the dear *Flora* on the Stage appears,
I gaze and view no other Face but her's;
Whether ſhe animate the Mimic Dance,
Or in the ſofter Meaſure ſlow advance,
I ev'ry Motion, ev'ry Look admire,
And all my Breaſt is kindled into Fire.
But ſoon as *Flora* from the Stage is gone,
To me the Theatre's a Deſart grown:
I ſee no Object, and no Sound I hear,
But leave the Place, and wiſh myſelf with her.

On N---SH'S *PICTURE at full Length, between the Buſts of Sir* ISAAC NEWTON *and Mr.* POPE, *at* Bath.

By the El---n *of* C---d.

THE old *Egyptians* hid their Wit
In Hieroglyphick Dreſs,
To give Men Pains in Search of it,
And pleaſe themſelves with Gueſs.

Moderns

Moderns to hit the ſelf-ſame Path,
And exerciſe their Parts,
Place Figures in a Room at *Bath*:
Forgive them God of Arts.

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wiſdom does expreſs:
His Knowledge gives Mankind Delight,
Adds to their Happineſs.

Pope is the Emblem of true Wit,
The Sun-ſhine of the Mind;
Read o'er his Works in Search of it
You'll endleſs Pleaſure find.

N—ſh repreſents Man in the Maſs,
Made up of Wrong and Right,
Sometimes a K——, ſometimes an Aſs;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The Picture plac'd the Buſts between,
Adds to the Thought much Strength,
Wiſdom and Wit are little ſeen,
But Folly's at full Length.

An INSCRIPTION

For the blank Scroll on SHAKESPEAR's *Monument, before it was fill'd up.*

THUS learned *M—d* to *H—n—e* ſpoke,
" This empty Scroll is but a Joke;
" There ſhould be ſomething thought on for't
" Extremely *deep*, extremely *ſhort*.
But very apt and very pat,
And fit for Shakeſpear *to point at.*
Thus ſaid the White-Glov'd Knight to *M—d*;
The Doctor and his Cane agreed.
A Boy, who heard them, hit upon't,
Took out ſome Charcoal, and wrote C——

A TRANSLATION, *in modern* Engliſh, *of Mr.* P's *Imitation of* CHAUCER.

AN *Oxford* Scholar made a Gooſe his Prize,
And hid it where the Garb inveſts the Thighs.
Too weak the Buttons prov'd the Gooſe too ſtrong,
And burſt its Jail, as Ladies paſt along;
The Bill came bolting forth, a ruddy Sight;
The Neck came after, long, and round, and white;

The

The Creature cackling, pertly rais'd its Head,
The Lad look'd fooliſh, and the Women fled.
O Jeſu! Siſter, *Moll*, ſaid wanton Miſs,
Is this the Thing wherewith they uſe to p—?
'Tis better far to feed on Coals or Chalk,
Than truſt to faithleſs Man, who's Tail can *talk*.
Thus *Chaucer* whilom did the Fair adviſe,
That Maids ſhould never ſport but with the Wiſe,
With ſly Conceit the Bard his Story told,
Then left this Moral worth its Weight in Gold.
" *Pardie*, Miſs *Betty*, thou did'ſt reaſon well;
" They bear the Gooſe about, that love to *tell*.

Virtus in medio conſiſtit.

An EPIGRAM.

A Gallant courting of a gameſome Maid,
Said, Deareſt, let me kiſs your Hands and Feet,
In Sign of humbleſt Love: Good, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
Both thoſe for your ſweet Lips are moſt unmeet,
But Virtue's in the Midſt, then Virtue there
If you will kiſs you may, if not, forbear.

THE
Humorous LAST WILL *and* TESTAMENT *of Mr.* MATTHEW *Arnold, of* Cambridge, *in* New-England.

TO my dear Wife,
My Joy and Life,
I freely now do give her
My whole Eſtate,
With all my Plate,
Being juſt about to leave her.

A Tub of Soap,
A long Cart Rope,
A Frying-Pan and Kettle,
An Aſhen Pail.
A Thraſhing Flail,
An Iron Wedge and Beetle.

Two painted Chairs,
Nine Warden Pears,
A large old Dripping Platter.
The Bed of Hay
On which I lay,
An old Sauce-pan for Butter.

A little Mug,
A two Quart Jug,
A Bottle full of Brandy,
A Looking-Glaſs
To ſee your Face,
You'll find it very handy.

A Muſket true
As ever flew,
A Pound of Shot and Wallet,
A Leather Saſh,
My Calabaſh,
My Powder-Horn and Bullets.

An old Sword Blade,
A Garden Spade,
A Hoe, a Rake, a Ladder,
A Wooden Can,
A Cloſe-Stool Pan,
A Clyſter-Pipe and Bladder.

A greaſy Hat,
My old Ram Cat,
A Yard and half of Linnen,
A Pot of Greaſe,
A Woollen Fleece,
In Order for your Spinning.

A ſmall Tooth-Comb,
An Aſhen Broom,
A Candleſtick and Hatchet,
A Coverlid
Striped down with Red,
A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A ragged Mat,
A Tub of Fat,
A Book put out by *Bunyan*,
Another Book
By *Robin Rook*,
A Skain or two of Spun-Yarn.

An old black Muff
Some Garden Stuff,
A Quantity of Borrage,
Some Devil's Weed,
And Burdock Seed,
To ſeaſon well your Porridge.

A

A Chafing-Diſh,
With one Salt-Fiſh,
If I am not miſtaken,
A Leg of Pork
A broken Fork,
And half a Flitch of Bacon.

A Spinning Wheel,
One Peck of Meal,
A Knife without a Handle,
A ruſty Lamp,
Two Quarts of Samp,
And half a Tallow-Candle.

My Pouch and Pipes,
Two Oxen Tripes,
An Oaken Diſh well carved;
My little Dog,
And ſpotted Hog,
With 2 young Pigs juſt ſtarved.

This is my Store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it;
My Years are ſpun,
My Days are done,
And ſo I think to leave it.

The following Piece we do not give our READERS *as a Specimen of Wit or Humour, but to ſhew, as Mr.* Pope *has it,*

That gentle Dulneſs ever loves to Joke.

The laſt WILL *of Mr.* EDWARD WARD.

I'TH' Name of God, the King of Kings,
Whoſe Glory fills the mighty Space,
Creator of all worldly Things,
And Giver of both Time and Place.

To him I do reſign my Breath,
And that immortal Soul he gave me;
Sincerely hoping, after Death,
The Merits of his Son will ſave me.

Oh! bury not my peaceful Corpſe
In *Cripplegate*, where Diſcord dwells,
And wrangling Parties jangle worſe
Than Alley-Scolds, or *Sunday*'s Bells.

To

To good St. *Pancras'* Holy Ground,
I dedicate my lifeleſs Clay,
'Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound
Shall raiſe me to eternal Day.

No coſtly Funeral prepare;
'Twixt Sun and Sun, I only crave
A Hearſe and one black Coach, to bear
My Wife and Children to my Grave.

My Goods and Chattels I deſire
May pay the honeſt Debts I owe;
The reſt, if any, I require
May to my Wife and Children go.

My Bleſſing unto each I give;
Let that ſuffice inſtead of Wealth;
May Grace attend them whilſt they live,
And Virtue long preſerve their Health.

My Wife I do appoint the ſole
Executrix of this my Will,
And ſet my Hand unto the Scrole,
In Hopes the ſame ſhe will fulfil.

Made under a dangerous Illneſs, and ſign'd this 24th of June, 1731.

EDW. WARD.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mr. HALE,

TO

OTHELLO *Moor of* VENICE,

Acted for the Benefit of Mr. STEPHENS, APRIL *the* 26th 1742, *at the* Theatre-Royal *in* Covent-Garden.

HOW oft, ye *Britons!* has your envied Stage
Drawn conſtant rich Supplies from *Shakeſpeare's* Page?
How oft, and how enamour'd, ſtill ye came
To prove the Worth of his undying Name?
As in a well-choſe Love we doat uncloy'd,
The more engaging as the more enjoy'd,
Thus *Shakeſpeare's* Charms with Fondneſs we purſue,
'Till thoſe we firſt admir'd are loſt in new;
A Thouſand Beauties draw the raptur'd Eye;
While Thouſands more for future Wonder lye;
As if a ſingle happy Age might call
The Fame too great to have diſcern'd them all.

Sure, from prophetic Light, with generous Heart,
Th' immortal Bard foreſaw the dwindling Art,
Foreſaw how few his Abſence would ſupply,
When all that could of *Shakeſpeare* yield, muſt die;
And well reſolv'd, leſt Foreign Lands might ſmile,
And view, with Rival Joy, our plunder'd Iſle,
The future Dearth of Science to atone,
And furniſh every Age himſelf alone.
No Paſſions ſuited to the Tragic Scene
Are left poor Victims to a meaner Pen,
He reſcu'd from the Toils of modern Brains
Cæſar's Ambition and *Othello*'s Pains;
And bore for virtuous Deeds too large Eſteem
To let a *Brutus* be another's Theme:
But if 'midſt all the Strength his Genius ſhow'd,
It was on Beauty's Subject leaſt beſtow'd,
Conſider, Ladies, in the Age he drew,
He wanted Patterns that reſembled you.
Theſe Scenes, indeed, may be allow'd to prove,
In one unhappy Senſe, the Force of Love;
Your Tears will tell ye to what Curſe it turns,
As in *Othello*'s Breaſt the Ruin burns;
Nor Wonder, if his Tortures are ſo great,
He grudges e'en the Damn'd their better State;
Myſterious Rage! he loves! and he enjoys!
And, thro' Exceſs of Fondneſs, then deſtroys.
For ever be the Heart-corroding Crime
A Stranger Paſſion to the *Britiſh* Clime;

Be all our honeſt Loves ſerenely great,
Without *Othello*'s Guilt, or *Deſdemona*'s Fate.

THOMAS.

An EPIGRAM.

THOMAS in *High-Dutch* once did court a Wench,
And, to his Coſt, ſhe anſwer'd him in *French*.

BETTY.

An EPIGRAM.

AH me! quoth *Betty*, who could e'er have thought
Such Miſchief could ariſe almoſt from Naught?
Which had ſhe known e'er ſhe began to ſwell
Each Yard of Pleaſure ſhe'd have made an Ell.

FAST *and* LOOSE.

An EPIGRAM.

COLIN was married in all Haſte,
And now to Rack doth run;
So knitting of himſelf too faſt,
He hath himſelf undone.

The Advantage of having two PHYSICIANS.

An EPIGRAM.

ONE prompt Phyſician like a Sculler plies,
And all his Art and all his Skill applies;
But two Phyſicians, like a Pair of Oars,
Convey you ſooneſt to the *Stygian* Shores.

M A R R I A G E.

An EPIGRAM.

WERE I, who am not, of the *Romiſh* Tribe,
Their Number of their Sacraments to fix,
I ſpeak ſincerely without Fee or Bribe,
Inſtead of ſeven, there ſhould be but ſix.
All Men of Senſe Tautology diſclaim,
Marriage and Penance always were the ſame.

On the Grave Stone of a Blackſmith, *buried in* CHESTER *Church Yard.*

MY Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have loſt their Wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
And in the Duſt my Vice is laid;
My Coal is ſpent, my Iron's gone;
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

On the Dinners of Dr. SWIFT, *Dean of* St. PATRICK's.

ARE the Gueſts of this Houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated?
Sure, the Fates have decreed, we by Halves ſhould be treated.
In the Days of good * *John*, if you came here to Dine,
You had Store of good Meat, no Store of good Wine.
In *Jonathan*'s Days, if you came here to Eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, no Choice of good Meat.
O *Jove!* how might all Sides then fully be bleſt,
Would'ſt thou but agree to this humble Requeſt:
Put both Deans in one; or, if that's too much Trouble,
Inſtead of the Deans, make the Deanry double.

* *Biſhop of* Clogher, *formerly* Dean *of St.* Patrick's.

FINIS.